

Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A Monthly Unitarian Journal.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

FROM HUNGARY.—Professor Hatala, one of the most distinguished scientific men of Hungary, has renounced his connection with the Roman Catholic Church, and publicly announces his adoption of Unitarian Christianity. The reading of Dr. Channing's works has produced this result.

ORTHODOXY IN A RAGE.—The *Rock* was violent at Dean Stanley's preaching a funeral sermon on the Unitarian Sir Charles Lyell. We thought as Sir Charles had done so much to enlighten the world on rocks, at least the name of this paper might have been a ground for some sympathy.

THE ATHANASIAN CREED.—We hear the recent action of our veteran Unitarian, Mr. James Heywood, to have discontinued the Athanasian Creed, is creating some feelings not unlikely to result in the wish of the House of Commons that her Majesty may take this antiquated symbol of mystery and uncharitableness out of the Book of Common Prayer.

FROM ICELAND.—In No. I. of Cook's *All the World Over* there is the following in reference to our friend and Unitarian brother:—"Our circuit concludes with Mr. M. Jochumson, the editor of the *Times* of Iceland, in whose neat little cottage we find a very good selection of books." We may add, he is one of the foreign correspondents of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

A USEFUL UTTERANCE.—Richard Enfield, Esq., of Nottingham, said, at Manchester, he rejoiced that the word Unitarian was a part of the name of the Home Missionary Board, because it represented definite opinions—the truth as far as they were able to understand it—and he would have that truth placed in the hands of men who have a strong faith in it, for the only qualification for preaching should be that a man believes—thoroughly believes—what he has to say. If a man did not believe, silence was best for him.

TRUE AS TRUTH ABOUT MOODY AND SANKEY.—Our friend, Mr. Matthias Green, in an excellent letter to the public papers about these services, says, among other pithy things, "I have been to three of these gatherings, have heard for myself, have read the reports of most of them. I see the main point of the teachings given at these meetings is what Jesus Christ never taught himself."

DOUBTING THE EXISTENCE OF THE DEVIL.—We had thought that all good Churchmen, as the Catechism says, had renounced the devil and all his works. It appears that this is not so, for there is a suit pending in the Court of Arches against the Rev. F. S. Cook for refusing to administer the Holy Communion to Mr. Jenkins, on the ground that the latter gentleman holds "erroneous views as to the Holy Scriptures and the personality of Satan."

WHERE THERE IS NO STATE CHURCH.—Colonel Medley, in his recently published "Autumn Tour in America," writes:—"Unitarianism, I should say, numbers among its votaries the majority of the most intellectual men in the United States. Though my own prepossessions are strongly in favour of an Established Church, I cannot say that I observed any ill consequences from the want of it in the States, but the opinion of a passing traveller is not worth much."

UNITARIAN MISSION WORK.—There is an experience only a few Unitarians have, that is, of engaging halls for Unitarian lectures. Any one would naturally suppose that a hall let to conjurors, Christy minstrels, &c. &c., would without any difficulty be let for a Unitarian lecture. Not so; the committee of a hall will at times grant it on the payment of the proper fee for any kind of tomfoolery, while they will strenuously resist the use of it for a Unitarian religious sermon or lecture. Ignorance and prejudice have to do with those refusals, and alas, we have Unitarians who would not stir a finger to cast these demons out of society.

BLESSING A BELL.—Our neighbours are getting excited about ritualistic progress, which has led to some discussion in the religious papers about blessing a bell. "One who Saw the Bell Hung" writes: "There was only a very plain service held before the bell was hung, consisting of a few prayers, a psalm, a hymn, and an address. Many Protestant churchmen were present, and I have heard no complaint as to the way the service was conducted. The bell was not a gift of 'a member of the congregation,' but presented in loving memory of the late Lady Elton by her family."

NO GOOD THING FROM NAZARETH.—The *Christian Standard*, in a notice of "The Spiritual Songster," says:—"We are exceedingly pleased to find that Mr. Vicary has excluded from his collection the Deistical hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' written by a lady who neither believed in the Trinity, nor the Divinity of Christ, nor the personality of the Holy Spirit, nor the atonement of Christ." "And in referring to this Deistical hymn, we cannot avoid expressing our surprise and regret to find that it is in the small collection of hymns following the thirty-one hymns sung at Moody and Sankey's meetings."

THE SOLUTION OF A STATE CHURCH DIFFICULTY.—The Rev. H. W. Crosskey says in his able pamphlet, which deals with many difficulties, "Several questions are at once suggested—Do you propose to give no 'compensation' to the Church? Individuals now employed in the service of religion, according to the forms appointed by the State, will most undoubtedly have a right to most liberal treatment. No individual ought to be left worse off by any measure of Disestablishment. For my part, I should think it wise to permit every individual minister to exercise his religious offices without any change until his death, when the State might resume the charge of the public revenues he has enjoyed without wronging any man."

UNITARIANISM IN LIVERPOOL.—The *Liverpool Leader* of March 13 contains an article on the Rev. Charles Beard, and presents a portrait as well. It says: "The days have passed—we hope for ever—when Unitarians were suspected, hated, and loathed as venomous and dangerous underminers of the framework of society. They have vindicated their title to esteem, as honest, shrewd, and public-spirited thinkers; and Liverpool is not the only great town where members of their body are in the front of local respectability, heading all generous enterprises, earnest in liberal politics of the best sort, and supplying honoured members of the Imperial Parliament. Yet Unitarianism still is unpopular."

THE FOUNDER OF NONCONFORMITY.—The *Unitarian Herald* says:—"A pamphlet has recently been issued, entitled 'Sketches of Nonconformity from the Old Testament,' which is worthy of the *Church Herald* or the *Church Times*. It opens with this statement:—"Nonconformity has Satan for its founder, the mother of all evil for its first convert, and a murderer for its first high priest." We have long had our doubts as to the soundness of Mr. Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light" theory, and we should think that he himself must begin to feel a little sceptical respecting it."

WHY AM I A UNITARIAN?—The lecture of the Rev. Chas. Wicksteed has called forth curious replies. The last that has come to our notice is a poem which will not much interfere with Mr. Wicksteed's success; the following are a few of the lines of the composition:

He comes in Learning's garb to rend
away
The only solace for a troubled soul;—
The only balm that makes the wounded
whole;—
The only light that dissipates our gloom;
And sheds its radiance round the gaping
tomb.
He fain would pluck from Jesu's brow the
crown;
And deathless Hope in dark perdition
drown;
He, to exalt poor ruined Nature's claims,
Would wreck our Faith, and bind in
Error's chains.

LADY HEWLEY'S CHARITY.—To our readers who recollect the sad contest of nearly thirty years ago between the Unitarians and Trinitarians, which ended by the Court of Chancery handing over the fund to our opponents to distribute among poor and godly preachers of Christ's holy Gospel—as if our Church was not fairly described in these words—the following report of a recent year of this charity which has been handed us will be interesting. Exhibitions granted to 123 poor and godly preachers amounted to £1467; 33 poor persons, chiefly ministers, disabled by infirmity, £444; 22 poor places for promoting such preaching in them, £220; 40 godly persons in distress, chiefly widows and daughters of deceased ministers, £545; 6 students for the ministry of Christ's holy Gospel, £240; total, £2916; so that the charity yields about £3000 a year. The trustees make allowances to ministers of new and additional chapels in poor and populous districts, and capable of accommodating 600 persons for a period not exceeding four years, if so long required, and not exceeding £40 in the first year, and to be gradually diminished.

A WORD TO REFORMERS.—Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., said the other day, "Depend upon it, the time has not yet come in this country when reformers can afford to rest on their oars. I recollect a beautiful poem of a very distinguished American, Mr. Bryant, who, addressing Liberty, said :—

"Thou must never rest,
For thine enemies never sleep."

A MODERN MIRACLE.—Among the astounding works, wrought by the Revivalists, the vicar of Perry Bar records the following :—The following conversation took place last Saturday, in my own study, as a staunch supporter of a Unitarian preacher entered the room. I inquired, "Have you been to hear Moody and Sankey?"—"Yes, and listened with great delight. They have taken down a few shutters and let in more light." "Does it not differ greatly from the preaching you have been accustomed to hear?"—"Certainly!" "Then, why go again to a Unitarian preacher?"—"I don't intend." "Will you go and look out some faithful gospel ministry, and attend that?"—"I will." "Go, and the Lord be with you." We do not question the above, for there are people who call themselves Unitarians who know as little about the true religion of Christ as Trinitarians know about the Trinity; but we do venture to say that no Unitarian of intelligence ever could be changed in his views by either Moody or Sankey or all the vicars of the State Church.

THE WEATHERCOCK.—It is frequently said of the *Times* newspaper that its articles indicate which way the wind blows. It says :—"The Establishment is now like a closed vessel containing very hot water indeed; and the steam thus generated is pressing violently, and with about equal violence, in all directions. High, Low, and Broad Church are straining simultaneously the top, the bottom, and the sides of the vessel, and we live in daily apprehension of an explosion. This constant tension is felt to have something unnatural about it, and if the water cannot be cooled the steam must somehow have an outlet. It is all very right, no doubt, that there should be various forms of religious opinion and feeling, but it is inevitable that practical men should view with more and more reluctance the ungracious and difficult task of holding them together." In a recent number of the *Literary Churchman* it is affirmed that the Established Church will go to pieces in two or three years. Our friend Mr. Crompton has therefore got into a very unseaworthy ship. Like others, he may possibly escape with a piece of the wreck.

SIGNING THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.—It appears that some of the almshouses of the City of London receive none but those who sign the Thirty-nine Articles. A poor man the other day who had applied and signed, and who was known by a friend to have no belief at all, was questioned on this, "how he *could* sign so many religious articles." His reply was rather amusing, and possibly as true as the most of men in such a position. "Bless thee, William, it was easily done; and if they had asked me to sign one hundred articles I could have done that equally as well." The celebrated Dr.—was questioned not long ago after signing the articles of his Church if these articles were what he believed. "Yes," said he, "and a good deal more than I believe."

THE UNITARIAN NAME.—The correspondent of the *Daily News* a few days ago referred to the position of the Unitarian party in Italy. This is not to be understood as a religious party, but a political party that has adopted the Unitarian name. The same is true of the word Unitarian as used by parties in Spain and in Germany; they have hit upon a word which conveys an idea of unity and strength. Gladstone used the same phrase some time ago in the same political sense. It is curious and interesting to us that this name Unitarian, which has nothing associated with it but what is outright and honourable, is so carefully avoided by some of our people. They best know from what motive they can say—

"Oh, no, we never mention her,

That name is never heard;

Our lips must now disdain to speak

That once familiar word."

RELIGIOUS TELESCOPES.—One of our present-day popular writers has the following in one of his essays :—"Sects are religious telescopes, and a wise man prefers that which has the most powerful lens. The Pope is no optician in theology; he thinks the less men see the more they will believe. Rome keeps a kind of peep-show, where you look through a dark hole down into hell, and through another aperture up to the Virgin. Luther was the inventor of the theological telescope which rendered many new objects visible to the churches. After him, Protestant glasses became very popular. The Dissenters got hold of them, altered the focus, and increased the power; they made some new discoveries, but they make much ado if they catch any one else using the same instrument and taking the same liberty. Dr. Priestley constructed an Unitarian telescope with a new and powerful lens, with which he swept the field of material nature, and resolved the cluster of the Trinity into one central Deity."

CHEVY CHACE.

It was in the reign of Henry the Sixth, of England, and of James the first, of Scotland, that the hot-headed Percy, Earl of Northumberland, made a vow and swore a great oath that he would hunt for three good days among the Cheviot Hills, in spite of his Scottish foe—the brave and mighty Earl Douglas—and all his clan. He declared that he would kill the fattest harts in all the forest, and carry them away to feast upon in his grand castle. When the bold Douglas heard this he laughed in a grim, mocking way, and sent the Percy word to look for him, also, at that merry hunting.

Lord Percy came out of Bamboro with a company of fifteen hundred archers, and began the chase among the beautiful Cheviot Hills early on a Monday morning in the golden autumn time. Fast and far they rode through the forest, following their eager hounds, which pressed close upon the flying deer. Now they galloped up hills; now they floundered through marshy places; now they leaped fallen trees; now they tore through thick brushwood; now they dashed through quiet streams, breaking down flowering shrubs, crushing small wildwood flowers, starting little song-birds from their nests, shaking down showers of many-coloured leaves, chasing down the panting hart, and bathing their swift arrows in his gushing blood; so carrying noise and tumult, and terror and death, wherever they went.

By noon they had killed a hundred fat deer. Then they blew a loud bugle-call, and all came together to see the quartering of the game. Then the proud Lord Percy said: "The doughty Douglas promised to meet us here to-day; but I knew full well the braggart Scot would fail to keep his word."

Just then one of his squires called his attention to a sight which quickly changed his opinion of the Scottish chief.

Down below, in Tiviotdale, along the borders of the Tweed, came a host of full two thousand men, armed with bows and spears, bills and brands. As soon as they came near to the hunters they cried out, "Leave off quartering

the deer and look to your bows; for never since you were born have you had greater need of them than now."

The Douglas rode in front of his men, his white plumes dancing in the wind, and his brazen armour flashing in the midday sun; and when he spoke his voice was like a trumpet—so clear, and strong, and threatening.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "what men or whose men are you? And who gave you leave to hunt in Cheviot in spite of me?" Then Lord Percy, with a black frown and a voice like thunder, answered, "We will not tell thee what men nor whose men we are; but we will hunt here in this chase in spite of thee and all thy clan. We have killed the fattest harts in all these forests, and we intend to take them home and make merry with them."

"By my troth!" answered the Douglas, "for that boasting speech one or the other of us must die this day! But, my Lord Percy, it were a great pity to kill all these guiltless men in our quarrel. We are both nobles of high degree, and well matched; so let our men stand aside while we fight it out."

The Percy agreed to this; but neither his nor the Douglas's men would consent to stand while their lords were fighting.

So the English archers bent their bows and let fly a perfect shower of arrows, and the Scottish spearmen charged upon them. Then the English and Scots both drew their swords and fought face to face and foot to foot. And so began one of the most terrible fights that the sun ever looked upon. Soon the Douglas and the Percy came together and fought till the blood spurted through their armour and sprinkled all the ground around them in a thick, red rain.

At last the Douglas cried, "Yield, Percy, and I will take thee to our Scottish king, and thou shalt be nobly treated, and have thy ransom free; for thou art the bravest man that I ever conquered in all my fighting!"

"No!" replied the proud earl; "I have told thee before, and I tell thee again, I will never yield to any man living; so lay on!"

Just then an arrow, sent by a stout English archer, came singing sharply through the air, and pierced deep into the breast of the Douglas. He gave one cry: "Fight on, my merry men, while you may; for all my days are over!" and then straightened himself out and died.

Lord Percy took the dead man's hand and said, "Woe's me! to have saved thy life I would have parted with my lands; for in all the country there was not a braver or better man!"

As he stood there lamenting, a Scottish knight called Sir Hugh Montgomery, came galloping up on a swift steed, and drove the spear clean through Lord Percy, so that he never spoke more. Then an archer of Northumberland took aim at Sir Hugh, with an arrow tipped with a white swan's plume, and the next moment the knight fell from his saddle: and the plume on the arrow that stuck in his breast was no longer white, but red.

And so they went on till evening, and still the battle was not done. Then they fought by moonlight, until the night winds sighed about them, and the skies wept still tears of dew, and the fearful little stars glinted down upon them through the moaning trees.

In the morning it was found that of the 1500 archers of England there were living but 53; and of the 2000 spearmen of Scotland but 55; and these were so weary and wounded that they gave up the fight.

But there were seen many yet sadder sights on Cheviot battle-field when the widows and orphans, the fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, came to search for their dead. They looked eagerly here and there; and when they found the beloved forms, still and cold, and ghastly with red death-wounds, there was weeping and bitter mourning; and many a cry of despairing agony rung out on the dewy morning air.

At length homeward turned the mourners, bearing their dead on rude biers made of birch and hazel branches. As they passed slowly through the shadowy wood, the wind blowing through the old oaks and mournful pines above them made a sad and solemn music; and the young trees murmured and

trembled at their steps, and flung down pitying dew-drops upon the dead. The birds ceased their singing till the procession passed by; and now and then a wild doe looked out through the thick branches, and seemed, with her soft, melancholy eyes, to sorrow rather than rejoice over the brave hunters who would level the lance and direct the arrow no more.

When it was told to the Scottish King James at Edinburgh that the noble Douglas had been slain at Cheviot, he cried, "Alas, woe is me! for there is not and never will be such another captain in all Scotland."

But when word was carried to King Henry at London that Lord Percy had been killed at Cheviot, he said, "May God have mercy on his soul! I have a hundred captains in England as good as ever he was; nevertheless, I pledge my life to avenge thy death, my gallant Percy!"

To fulfil this angry vow he went to battle against the Scottish King, and made the lives of six-and-thirty of his bravest knights and many hundred gentlemen and soldiers pay for the life of the Percy.

Soon the Scots avenged themselves, then the English, till it seemed that there would be no end to the fighting and bloodshed and sorrow that came from that hunt in the Cheviot Hills, most often called "Chevy Chase." For century after century the descendants of the men who fought there were at deadly strife; and few, I fear, were as noble foes as the great Douglas and Lord Percy. At last they forgot that the first cause of the quarrel was a dispute about the right to kill a few deer between two chieftains who were reconciled in death, and they went on hating and robbing, and killing one another; fighting all the while in the darkness of ignorance and superstition, and fierce, wicked passions. But after a while God sent a better day to England and Scotland—a day of knowledge and true religion; and by its light these men saw that they were brothers, flung down their swords, clasped hands, and were at peace forever.—*From Grace Greenwood's Ballad Stories.*

TO THE CROSS.

TOKEN of times gone by !
 Type of the history
 Of human joys and sorrows, hopes and
 fears !

By thee inspired, my soul
 Flies backward to time's goal,
 Through shadowy vistas of forgotten years !

When in her Maker's smile
 This ether-circled isle
 Sang in her gladness like a blooming
 maiden,

What time the laughing hours
 Dallied in Eden's bowers,
 Ere Eve had pluck'd the fruit with sorrow
 laden !

When rose and twisted vine,
 And paly jessamine,
 Crossing a lattice o'er the bright blue sky,
 Flung fragrance to the air,
 And spread their leaves to share
 The kisses of the winds that rustled by.

When Eden's waters slept
 Or murmuringly crept
 Beneath the shadow of some mossy bank;
 And oak and spreading palm
 Shone in the waveless calm,
 And clad the grassy hillock, rank on rank.

A crossing trellis fair
 Was all thy symbol there,
 Nor shame nor agony didst thou betoken;
 Thy only language then
 Was peace and love to men,
 Ere the high compact with the Lord was
 broken.

But leave those happier times,
 And come to nearer climes,
 Where yellow Tiber rolls his turbid
 waters ;

Or where Cephissus' wave
 Flows limpidly to lave
 The graceful limbs of Athens' dark-eyed
 daughters.

Where to a cloudless sky
 Art raised her fanes on high,
 To glorify in stone the Gods of old;
 And burning Poesy,
 And dim Philosophy,
 Gathered men's willing hearts within their
 fold.

Then fear and shame and dread
 Gather around thine head,
 And long-drawn horrors of a felon's
 death,

And weary hours of pain,
 Sick heart and swimming brain,
 Of tortured limbs and half-suspended
 breath,

And round thy foot I see
 A woful company,
 Who wail for days when it was otherwise ;

When to the dear one there,
 Who wasted high in air,
 Were bounding limbs and laughter-beam-
 ing eyes !

When his step answered first
 The music's joyous burst,
 And threaded merrily the mazy dance—
 When his arm best could wield
 The patriot's sword and shield,
 Or at the dun deer hurl the surest lance !

And cries and wailings loud
 Break from the trembling crowd,
 And women's tears descend like summer
 rain ;
 And then in woful guise
 They lift their streaming eyes
 And sigh for coming hours of agonising
 pain !

I quit the mournful scene
 Of grief and anguish keen,
 And fly to Salem and to Calvary !
 And there for sinful man,
 To finish God's high plan,
 A form of heavenly mould hath braved the
 tree !

His limbs are fainting now,
 And pain is on his brow,
 And foes are triumphing, and friends are
 few ;
 Still through the darkened air
 He lifts the godlike prayer,
 " Father, forgive—they know not what
 they do ! "

But through the awful night,
 Streams a fair ray of light,
 And hangs around him like a brooding
 dove ;
 It hovers o'er the tree
 Of Shame and Agony,
 And sanctifies the Cross to Hope and
 Love !

And now thou speakest joy,
 And bliss without alloy,
 To them that bear thee in their Saviour's
 name ;
 Pale Fear and shuddering Dread,
 And Agony, have fled,
 And holy Hope is here in place of Shame !

And still, in Death's dark hour,
 The Holy Sign hath power,
 Even when Life's sun hath set in dim
 eclipse,
 To banish dark despair
 With visions bright and fair,
 And spread a smile from heaven on dying
 lips !

Beneath thy fostering care,
 Faith pours her fervent prayer,
 And hears faint echoes of the heavenly
 choir ;

Thy form, in splendour drest,
Sparkles on beauty's breast,
And glitters from the "star-y-pointing"
spire!

But who shall dare to sing,
Unpoised on Seraph's wing,
Thy march of triumph to Earth's farthest
shore?

My tongue is all too weak
Thy glorious praise to speak—
I bow the reverent knee, and tremblingly
adore!
C.

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

THE appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought them more shame and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens and hundreds of thousands of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain with strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered over the land in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than the women they have sworn to love. There are women by the thousand who dread to hear a step at the door because that step has learned to reel under the influence of seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink.

There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realisation of a hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and children, the poverty, and not unfrequently beggary, the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy to their sex.

GETHSEMANE.

"Couldst thou not watch one hour?"

"How beautiful is night," a Syrian night—a Paschal night; when the full orb'd moon is walking in brightness through the clear heavens, and casting her silver lustre on the earth—when all around is hushed and still,

"When the sweet wind does gently kiss the
trees,

And they do make no noise,"

and when the sultry air of day gives place to the cool, refreshing breeze. It was on such a night that the Saviour, leaving the upper room where he had spoken words of good cheer to his disciples, entered with them the Garden of Gethsemane. The echoes of their footfalls would be the only sounds to meet the ear—save, it may be, the distant murmurs of the little brook Kedron, for, as yet, the silence was not harshly broken by the hoarse voices of those who were coming with swords and staves to take him. It was a retired spot, which seemed made for contemplation and prayer, and, as such, it was resorted to by Jesus. He came with the eleven—there should have been twelve, but one was absent on unhal- lowed work. Unhappy Judas, we de- test thy crime, but we largely compas- sionate thee; thy fall was dreadful, and dreadful were the tortures that racked thy soul. Some atonement for thy great crime thou didst make in flinging down its wages and publicly proclaim- ing thy sin and shame. We, as Christ- ians, cannot but hope thou wilt find mercy in that day.

An hour of quiet seclusion was allowed ere the rude band, sent by the high priest, would arrive to disturb the sanc- tuary by their cries and insults, and it was an hour ever to be remembered in the world's history. The Saviour's soul was sorrowful, even to death, and he takes three disciples—the select of the chosen of his followers—leads them away from the rest, and then, going a little apart even from them, he, with strong supplications and tears, pours out himself before the Father—beseeches that if possible the bitter cup might pass from him, yet resolves all into the Divine Will, and is strengthened to bear, to do, to suffer, till the sacrifice

is completed. But the disciples did not watch with him; their eyes were heavy, their minds were depressed—sorrow had filled their hearts. Peter, James, and John, the favoured three, yet not more to be trusted than any of their companions—though they, of all the others, had been on the mount of transfiguration—had been in the inner room when the daughter of Jairus was raised to life again. The query nominally addressed to Peter, was meant for the reproof of his two fellow-disciples also, for they were, equally with him, negligent and insensible to the approaching danger. Yet they should each one of them have watched. It was no heavy demand on their time, their strength, or their patience. One hour! A brief period, when so much might depend on wakefulness and resolution; when proof might soon be required of the attachment they had so ardently professed. Peter! where is now thy zeal, thy forwardness of speech? James and John, ye sons of thunder, where now your unwarrantable impulse to call down fire from heaven? Ye are asleep again, ere ye have understood what words smote on your ears! Yet theirs was a drowsiness not easy to be shaken off. Sorrow had filled their hearts; they had listened to what was spoken at the supper-table with trembling anxiety; they had probably been kept long from sleep, whilst the night air, by cooling their fevered blood, had gently lulled them to repose. Men have been known to sleep during the intervals of racking their limbs. Good Rogers slept very soundly the early morning before he was led to the stake, and the disciples may have slept from the very fact that they knew it was their duty to watch. Nor must we suppose that their Master spake to them in anger, or with anything like reproach. It was in his accustomed tender accents that he put the query, "Simon, sleepest thou?" To their afterwards awakened consciences, Simon, James, John would interpret the language, "I am wakeful, am watchful, prayerful, because I know the hour is come." So, after the third time, he effectually rouses them—"Rise up, let us go."

And has all this no lesson for us? Are we as circumspect as we ought to be—seeing to our thoughts, our words, our deeds? Do we not at times think it hard to watch for even a single hour?—wonder why the demand is made, hear it reluctantly, obey it carelessly, if we obey it at all? Yes, we slumber in the garden, when all is tranquil and at rest about us; and we slumber in the perplexities of life, when our faculties should be on the alert, and we should stretch every nerve; and we watch not with the Saviour, though the interests of his Church demand our most wakeful attention. We watch not for the public good as we ought, forgetful that we are members one of another; we watch not so strictly as may be requisite over our children—their tempers, their temptations; and we watch not with holy jealousy our own hearts, nor the occasions on which they are so often led astray. Yet it is but one hour—a drop in the ocean of eternity—a grain of sand taken from the sea-shore. The sentinel watched nine years for the beacon-light announcing Agamemnon's return, and the blazing fire at length gladdened his eyes. The Christian is likewise at his post—on his guard, but he will be relieved, and will receive the due reward of his fidelity. Watch on, courageous man; sleep not, still pace the rounds, look to the East, from whence will arise the sun of righteousness. "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." "Amen! even so. Come quickly, Lord Jesus!"

SONGS AND SINGERS OF THE LIBERAL FAITH.

THIS is a valuable book of poems and hymns by American Unitarians, with brief sketches of the poets by Dr. Putnam. An orthodox paper says:—"It just occurs to us to ask what other religious body in America can equal this Unitarian anthology? We greatly doubt whether any other Christian denomination in this country can show a contribution to hymnology so rich and valuable as this." On the receipt of 12s. the volume will be sent post free.—Address, H. Brace, 37, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

TRINITARIANISM AT THE BAR
OF COMMON SENSE.*(Continued from page 47.)*

D.—Orthodoxy Inconsistent with the Apostles' History.—Peter opened the preaching of the Gospel (Acts ii.) by a discourse to an immense multitude to proclaim what this Christianity was which the Apostles had devoted their lives to spread. Yet he never mentioned what Trinitarians call the "essentials" of Christianity—the Trinity and the Atonement. He vehemently charges the Jews with guilt in crucifying Jesus, but says nothing of the foul aggravation of that guilt by the fact that Jesus was their Maker. He speaks of the death of Christ, and of the dignity of Christ, but he pauses on both subjects precisely at that point where Unitarianism pauses, and where Trinitarianism pushes on in its peculiar path. Peter, again, by supernatural agency was brought to Cornelius for the express purpose of instructing him in Christianity, and so commencing the conversion of the Gentiles. Yet here, again, on all the doctrines of orthodoxy he is as silent as before. So, too, did Paul preach at Athens. Now, if the Apostles did not preach the Trinity and the Atonement, what becomes of their orthodoxy? If they did preach those doctrines, and the historian systematically omitted them, what becomes of his truthfulness? On either supposition, what becomes of the authority of the Bible? Trinitarianism and Unitarianism both claim to be Apostolic. The Apostles taught the tenets of the one constantly, and never mentioned the tenets of the other. Which tenets then are the essentials of the Gospel, and which a modern heresy? The preaching of the Apostles is utterly different from that of modern missionaries. Well, when honest men speak differently, it is because they believe differently.

The Unity of God was the soul of Judaism. To teach it Abraham, Moses, the Prophets, and all the institutions of the Jewish law and people were raised up. Now, on Trinitarian principles it is at least as important to know that God is Three as to know that He is One. Yet this rival truth, so essential

to the orthodox scheme of salvation, seems wholly overlooked by Providence. No voice from heaven proclaims it; no nation is selected to testify to it; no institutions are framed to preserve it; no prophets inspired to teach it; no miracles wrought to confirm it. There is nothing at all to compete with the splendid machinery that from Abraham to Malachi was operating to preserve the belief that God is One.

In New Testament times it is clear that Jews and Christians were fully agreed as to the proper Object of Worship, though they differed about the Messiahship of Jesus. The Apostles joined in Synagogue-worship, and invoked their God as the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob (patriarchs to whom no Trinity was revealed, and by whom no Trinity was adored). Paul declared that he "worshipped the God of his fathers;" Jesus classes himself as one with the Jews, and says, "We know what we worship." But Trinitarians are agreed that it is impossible for those who believe in a Trinity to worship along with those who reject it. Hence it follows that in that age the Jews and the Christians must have been either both of them Trinitarians, or both of them Unitarians. Which was it? The doctrine and worship of the Old Testament was held by both, undisputed and unchanged. Is it Trinitarian or Unitarian? Christians and Jews are now separated by a dispute which was unknown in the apostolic age. The Jews of to-day consider that to accept the Trinity is to deny the Pentateuch. Which side is it which has quitted the once common faith? If the Jews were Trinitarian then, and have become Unitarian since, the change has been so silent, so complete, so universal—its origin, its agents, its progress, so entirely unrecorded and unknown—as to be nothing short of miraculous; and if miraculous, then it is a divine attestation of the "new" doctrine so introduced—the Unity of God. If the Jews were *not* Trinitarian, then the Christians cannot have been; or the Apostles would not have joined in Jewish worship, and would not have been so absolutely silent about this difference (on a most

vital point) in all their teachings to Jews. What Trinitarian to-day would worship week by week in the Jewish synagogues? and take his fellows to worship there, and seek for no separate worship, unless the Jews excluded him from theirs? Yet this is precisely what the Apostles did. Then can they have been Trinitarians?

E.—Orthodoxy's care of Scripture.—Trinitarianism at the Bar of Common Sense.—The revival of Unitarianism has exploded many corruptions of the Bible, which no one but professed critics cared before to expose. Acts xx. 28, "God's blood" for "the Lord's blood;" 1 Tim. iii. 16, "*God* was manifest in flesh" for "who [or 'which'] was manifest in flesh;" Rev. i. 11, where "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last," is falsely put into the mouth of Christ—and this text, this forgery as we now know it to be, was the one which, says good Dr. Doddridge, "*more than any other text in the Bible prevents me from believing Christ to be a created being.*" Again, 1 John v. 7, 8, a notorious forgery, and yet the nearest approach to a Trinitarian declaration that can be found in Scripture. All these corruptions were introduced during the prevalence of Trinitarianism; by Trinitarians; in favour of Trinitarianism; and their falsity has been made *commonly* known only in consequence of the growth of Unitarianism. Not a single verse of Scripture has ever been corrupted to favour Unitarian doctrines. Which system is the more likely to be Christian? that which mixes its own chaff with God's wheat, or that which purifies the wheat with the winnowing fan of controversy? These facts are undisputed—The text of the New Testament has been corrupted; the most remarkable corruptions are interpolations which favour the doctrine of the Trinity; they make more strongly for that doctrine than any or all of the genuine words of Scripture put together (as is clear from the disproportionate frequency with which Trinitarian writers quote them, and the pertinacity with which they vainly contended against the overwhelming evidences of their spuriousness). Do we not justly suspect doctrines which have been sup-

ported by additions to and alterations of the sacred text?

F.—Orthodoxy and Christian Worship.—Jesus declared that he could of himself do nothing; that we should ask nothing of him, but of his Father; that his Father, who dwelt in him, wrought his miracles; that his words were not his own, but his Father's who sent him; and that his Father was the only true God. In defiance of these solemn declarations, Trinitarians—as if to surpass the Jews, whose bitter mockery decked him only in the insignia of earthly sovereignty—have placed him on the throne of that Father whom he adored, and whose sole worship he enjoined and practised. If Unitarians err, their only error is that of loving God too much, of too rigidly refusing to give His glory to another, of confining too strictly to Him the homage of their hearts and lips; of denying to Christ a character which he disclaimed, and withholding a worship which he forbade ("Why callest thou *me* good, there is none good **but** God;" "In that day ye shall ask *me* nothing"). But if Trinitarians err, their error is that of being too ready to render to one of God's servants the honour which is due to God alone.

G.—Orthodoxy and Love to God.—Do we ask who created the universe? Trinitarians answer, The Son. Who redeemed sinners? The Son. Who sanctifies them? The Spirit, bought by the blood of the Son. The Father appears but as the foil to Christ's excellence, the shade to his brightness; comes forward but as the minister of vengeance, to exact the sufferings of the Incarnate Son, and to dispense just that portion of favour which is thus *bought* from His justice, and then retires from view.

"Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calmed God's frowning face;
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace.
To thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the Eternal King
Who lays His fury by."

WATTS.

Can doctrines be Christian which contradict the benevolence of the Father of all, and tend completely to exclude him from the hearts of His children?

Love to God is the first duty of Christianity. Does Trinitarianism or Unitarianism the better strengthen it?

H.—Orthodoxy and Freedom.—This is an age when many go to and fro, and knowledge is increased; an age of inquiry, discussion, education. Is Trinitarianism or Unitarianism the more likely to help the advance of the human mind, and to join in that advance itself? Trinitarianism connects salvation with belief in particular doctrines; it daunts inquiry by anathemas; it fetters conscience with creeds; restricts our charity by unauthorised limitations; and bars the gate of heaven with human inventions. Unitarianism has reasserted the Scripture doctrine that God is no respecter of persons; has vindicated the innocence of honest intellectual error; and has claimed a hope of heaven for the virtuous of every sect and creed. On the list of Unitarians we find enrolled some of the most successful votaries of science, of the brightest ornaments of England, of the ablest defenders of Christianity, and of the best benefactors of humanity. "I ask," said a lecturer (not a Unitarian himself) in our hearing, "what Christian Church has done most for education; and if as I ask it, I look around, I see the Unitarians of England and America standing out like picked men."

I.—The result of the whole.—Is not this a plain faith for plain men, to be plainly proved? Can we refuse to join it? and if we join it, must we not try to get others to do so too? It is life-blood to some of us: shall we not help to quicken others whose hearts it might make strong? Is it said, "Truth must prevail: no need for us to spread our faith!" How does truth prevail, but by human agency?—by the statement of its evidences, the portrayal of its benefits, the exposure of error, the excitement of attention? How was the Reformation achieved? How did Unitarianism revive? If truth in religion is to be left to itself, why not truth in morals, in politics, in philosophy? Why not abstain from censuring the drunkard, for Righteousness "must prevail?" Why not let tyranny unheeded trample upon right, for Freedom "must prevail?" Why not bid the philosopher

burn his manuscripts, stop his researches, dash to atoms his instruments, for Science "must prevail?" Believers in a pure gospel, so generally and grossly corrupted, let us bear a manly testimony to it, and write, preach, and plead.

We have mighty advocates whose voices are resistless. The *mind of man* pleads for us! it rises in wrath against creeds that fetter the understanding and narrow the heart. The *word of God* pleads for us! it bears our teachings on every page, and rarely can it even be tortured into even the semblance of Trinitarianism. The *heavens and the earth* plead for us; wherever they indicate design, it is benevolent design; and never has science found in them any marks of a plurality of Creators. The constitution of nature, the revelation of God, the reason of man, with united voice proclaim: THERE IS ONE GOD! and GOD IS LOVE! C. S. K.

TYNDALL WITH THE BOYS.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL writes to the "Popular Science Monthly": "A few years ago I paid a visit to a large school in the country, and was asked by the principal to give a lesson to one of his classes. I agreed to do so, provided he would let me have the youngest boys in his school. To this he willingly assented; and, after casting about in my mind as to what could be said to the little fellows, I went to a village hard by and bought a quantity of sugar candy. This was my only teaching apparatus. When the time of assembling the class had arrived I began by describing the way in which sugar candy and other artificial crystals were formed, and tried to place before their young minds the architectural process by which the crystals were built up. They listened to me with the most eager interest. I examined the crystal before them, and, when they found that in a certain direction it could be split into thin laminae with shining surfaces of cleavage, their joy was at its height. They had no notion that the thing they had been crunching and sucking all their lives embraced so many hidden points of beauty. At the end of the lesson I emptied my pockets among the class, and permitted them to experiment on the sugar candy in the usual way."

MRS. AUSTIN ON WOMAN'S WORK.

WE give our readers this month a memoir of the good and brilliant Sarah Austin. In these days of hot controversy about female education and female powers, it is interesting to learn what views of woman's work and sphere were approved by one so distinguished both for lofty intellect and for true wifely virtue as Mrs. Austin was. She says:

"The assumption that the intelligence is more exercised and fortified by learning by rote a vast number of facts, dates, scraps of science, than by the accurate observation and rapid induction required in household operations, is an entirely false one, and has a very mischievous tendency to exalt the showy above the useful, and the superficial above the solid. The unobservant, unreasoning manner in which domestic business is executed is a fruitful source of complaint in high places, and of misery in low. Shall we find any remedy for the evil in a sort of education which does not even pretend to exercise the observation or the reason in anything having the slightest relation to that business? Take it at whichever end of the social scale you will, there is no higher expression of the life and duty of woman than this:—the comfort, order, and good government of the house, and the instruction of the young. To fit herself to fulfil these paramount duties of her sex, a woman must acquire qualities, intellectual and moral, second to none possessed by man or woman. I should not be afraid to take the field against all comers, and argue in support of my assertion, thereby incurring the contempt of all those who think such obscure duties a humiliating misapplication of the powers of woman. The whole current of modern society seems to set against the formation of that consummation of womanhood, the *housewife*. The cheapness and the preposterous style of dress (which afford every possible discouragement to neat and frugal habits of conservation and repair), luxury, the affectation of superiority to domestic employments, and the preference for public and showy over private and obscure duties, characterise our age, and are fatal to the

homely and venerable accomplishments of those illustrious ladies of former times who governed their households with calm vigilance and intelligent authority. The notion that these accomplishments are inconsistent with high mental culture, refined taste, or feminine grace, is altogether false. To conduct a household with *order and economy* makes large demands on the reason and on the faculties of observation and discernment, and leaves those faculties strengthened for their application to purely intellectual objects; whilst to conduct it with *grace and dignity* makes large demands on the sense of fitness, harmony, and beauty, and ripens that sense for exercise on purely artistic objects. Let it be remembered that the woman 'whose children call her blessed, whose husband's heart doth safely trust in her,' is she who 'looketh well to the ways of her household,' who 'worketh willingly with her hands,' and who employs her great faculties and nobler sentiments, strength, wisdom, charity, and kindness, in the service and guidance of those whom God has committed to her charge. 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.' This is the great model; and thousands of years have not worn out its grandeur."

A CONTENTED MIND.

I weigh not fortune's frown or smile;
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I reek not style;
I am not fond of fancy's toys;
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.
I quake not at the thunder's crack;
I tremble not at noise of war;
I swound not at the news of wrack;
I shrink not at a blazing star;
I fear not loss, I hope not gain;
I envy none, I none disdain.
I see ambition never pleased;
I see some Tantalus starved in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;
I see even Midas gape for more;
I neither want, nor yet abound—
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.
I feign not friendship where I hate;
I fawn not on the great (in show);
I prize, I praise a mean estate—
Neither too lofty nor too low;
This, this is all my choice, my cheer—
A mild content, a conscience clear.

—JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY.

THE most of our readers will feel some interest in the following from the above review on the sermons of the late Rev. Robert Lee, D.D., of Edinburgh, who was generally thought to have gone over to the Unitarian views of religion. "Dr. Lee's sermons are strong with a hard intellectual strength—but they are utterly destitute of the strength of moral suasion and moving sympathy. In manner they are brusque and school-masterish, and in matter as hardly ethical as the Ten Commandments. An apostle of Scottish Broad Churchism, he ostentatiously reduces all religious teaching and life to intellectual and ethical forms—carefully eliminating all evangelical, mystical, and spiritual elements. He would probably have said that he did not know what they meant. He does not argue against them so much as he misses them; he has evaded them, we know not how—but somehow he has reduced regeneration to mere reform—righteousness to mere ethical goodness. The text 1 Cor. i. 30, from which he preaches four sermons, is resolved simply into this—'The purpose of Christianity is to make its disciples wise, righteous, holy, and free, and Christ by Divine appointment is made to us the teacher and author of these four great attainments. So that if we truly imbibed his instructions and follow his example we shall be made wise and righteous, holy and free.' This is all. Assuredly it is not all that Christ himself and his Apostles teach—it falls very far short of that salvation by Christ which almost all Christendom has rejoiced in, and which the standards of Dr. Lee's church so emphatically set forth. It is cold, hard morality, and nothing more; whereas the Christianity of Christ, whatever its claims to truth, is a great deal more." There may be some excuse for the exclamation upon a first sight of the sea—

"Is this the mighty ocean? is this *all*?"

But we should like to be able to gauge the wisdom, righteousness, holiness, and freedom of the critic who can adopt a similar tone in reference to Dr. Lee's summary of Christian duty."

A MATRIMONIAL LECTURE
AND ITS RESULTS.

AFTER having been married some weeks it came into the head of a young husband, one Sunday when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other since they had been man and wife. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity, and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind, and the wife asked him to begin with her faults. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was the first to propose the matter, and as he was the head of the house it was his place to take the lead. Thus urged, he began the recital. He said:

"My dear, one of the first faults I observed in you after we began house-keeping was that you a good deal neglected the tinware. You didn't keep it scoured as bright as it should be. My mother always took great pride in her tinware, and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad that you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife, blushing a little; "hereafter you shall see no speck on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

"I have often observed," said the husband, "that you often use your dish-rags a long time without washing them, and then finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that mother always used to wash out her dish-rags when she was done using them, and then hang them up where they would dry, ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing as before, the young wife promised to amend this fault.

The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared that he could think of nothing more that was worthy of mention.

"Now," said he, "my dear, you begin and tell me all the faults you have observed in me since we have been married."

The young housewife sat in silence, her face flushed to her temples, and a great lump came in her throat, which she seemed to be striving hard to swallow.

"Proceed, my dear; tell me all the faults you have observed in me, sparing none."

Arising suddenly from her seat, the little wife burst into tears, and throwing her arms around her husband's neck, cried:

"My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world. If you have even one, my eyes have been so blinded by my love for you, that as long as we have been married, I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to me to be done in the best manner, and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening, and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think; I have gone and found all manner of fault with you. Now do tell me some of my faults; I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had, or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in my eyes, and now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I shall at once begin the work of reform and try to make myself more worthy of you."

"Nonsense, my dear, you know sometimes I go away and leave you without any wood cut; I stay up-town when I ought to be at home; I spend my money for drinks and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you; I—"

"No, you don't," cried the wife; "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do!"

"God bless you, little wife!" cried the now thoroughly subjugated husband; "from this moment you have not a fault in the world! Indeed, you

never had a fault; I was but joking—don't remember a word I said!" and he kissed away the tears that still stood in the little woman's eyes.

Never again did the husband scrutinise the tinware, nor examine the dish-rags—never so much as mention one of the faults he had enumerated; but soon after the neighbour women were wont to say:

"It is wonderful how Mrs. — keeps everything about her house. Her tinware is always as bright as a new dollar; and I do believe she not only washes but even irons her dish-rags!" And the neighbour men were heard to say: "What a steady fellow M—— has got to be of late; he don't spend a dime where he used to spend dollars, and can never be kept from home half an hour when he is not at work. He seems almost to worship that wife of his."—*Star of the West.*

GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO DO.

WE mean your scholars. And there are many things you may give them to do to train them in the use of the Bible, to stimulate action, to quicken the conscience or hasten the heart. Give them something to do if you would keep them interested, and would develope and crystallise character.

You may take a half sheet of paper and cut it into as many slips as you have scholars. On them you may write: "Find the 'references' in next Sunday's lesson." This will train the scholar in handling the Bible—learn him how to use it. A few Sundays ago, a young man picked up a Bible which happened to be in the pew to which he was led, and attempted to find the Scripture I was reading. It was in Romans, and the poor fellow thumbed from Genesis to Psalms and gave it up! Let scholars be made to use the Bible so frequently that they can turn to book, chapter and verse instantly.

You may add questions. They may be Scripture questions calculated to test the conscience and the heart. For example—How many books in the Bible? Who was hung on his own gallows? Who was struck dead for

lying? What happens to the bad? The good? (giving chapters and verses where the various results of an evil and a good life are portrayed.) Why should I not hate, lie, be angry? Why should I return good for evil? Why love, forgive, speak the truth?

One question may suffice for the week, and no teacher can be at a loss for a suitable question. Only be cautious that the lesson is not neglected and be careful that the subject of the lesson is not overshadowed. The questions to be answered may be along the line of the lesson, or upon some point of the lesson.

Tell the scholars how they may find verses on the different subjects. Take the word "hate" or the word "love" in the accordance, which last may be found in the back part of most all family Bibles. Tell them they can find what they want by taking the leading or key-word. Take a few examples, and with your own concordance, illustrate before the class.

Let each scholar sign his or her name at the bottom or on the opposite sides of these slips.

Another way to develop interest and character. Have some part in the floral decorations, or other small duties of the Church, assigned you. Get your scholars to assist you. They will run their legs off for you and be better boys and girls for it, and so better men and women.

Again: You may have an invalid or two on your list. The pastor will give you a field to work in. Jennie has an agreeable voice for the sick room. The patient would be relieved and profited by a half hour's reading, and Jennie would be delighted to go as sunshine twice or three times a week. Accidentally, you happen to know very many of the invalid's wants and likes. Another of your scholars may carry some sweetmeats. Another may carry bouquets of flowers. These will cause flowers of kindness and sympathy to spring up in the soul, lending a perfume to society. But be careful and do not kill with kind attentions. Consult the disease, the temperament and all the circumstances. Besides, ask the physician if you can do this or that.

But it is not necessary to name the ways in which the scholars may be trained to do good, and may be made to develop their characters. By some deed of charity may the scholars feel and learn more than by a dozen lessons. Give the boys and girls something to do and they will grow up to love Christ for his spiritual benefits, and they will grow up to love our Church and labour in it, not be lost to it as are hundreds to-day.

DON'T FRIGHTEN THE CHILDREN.

BY S. I. GOLDSMITH.

PARENTS should never tell the little ones frightful stories, or allow their nurse or the servants to relate any tale of horror in their presence, for there's no telling what mischief it will cause.

I remember nothing more distinctly than the wonderful relations to my mother in my hearing, when I was a mere child, by a woman who believed in all sorts of signs and wonders, and which so thoroughly frightened me that I dared not sleep without completely hiding my head under the bed-clothes.

When children came to my home, I was determined that nobody should relate any such story in their presence, and my little boy reached his sixth year, not knowing fear. But before he had been a week in school, he hesitated as he was about to go up-stairs at twilight, and said, "Shall I see anything t'will scare me, mamma?"

The mischief was done, and upon inquiry, I found that he had listened to a story full of frightful sights and sounds, told by one of the children. Children usually believe what is told them, and we cannot be too careful to tell them the truth always, and let them hear true stories, for the impressions received when young are the last to leave the mind.

I once heard one of our ministers preach a sermon on this very subject. He said he had always been a sufferer from wrong impressions received in boyhood, and, said he, "I well remember the foolish and wicked stories told me when I was a lad."

We cannot be too careful what we teach the little ones.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

SPRING.—So, then, the year is repeating its old story again. We are come once more, thank God, to its most charming chapter. The violets and the May flowers are its inscriptions and vignettes. It always makes a pleasant impression on us, when we open again at these pages of the book of life.—*Goethe*.

SPLENDIDLY DONE. — A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't before I commence; give a man a chance."

HORNE TOOKE ON THE TRINITY.—Horne Tooke once complained to an orthodox friend of his about the self-contradictory character of the doctrine of a Trinity. "Not at all contradictory," said his friend, "it is only like a thing that I have just seen in the street—three men riding in one cart." "It would be more to the purpose," answered Tooke, "if you had seen one man riding in three carts."

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION. — A secular paper on this subject says:—"What care the masses whether the preacher claims descent from an apostle or not? That which makes any man good and true is oftener acquired than inherited, while the evil and weakness in every man is both inherited and acquired." And Matthew Henry, the great commentator on the Bible, said, "Sin runs in the blood, but grace does not."

CHARITABLE.—The Bishop of Lincoln having abetted one of his clergy in his refusal to allow the term "reverend" to be inscribed on the tombstone of a Wesleyan minister, now that the same is threatened with legal proceedings, advises him to yield the point rather than incur the cost of a suit. Whereupon the Rev. D. Clarke, Assistant-Priest, of Belgrave, Leicester, writes to the *Church Review* to offer two guineas out of his stipend of £120 a-year towards the expense of resisting the claims of "those plague-spots in every parish, the Dissenting ministers!"

A CHILD ON SHORT SERMONS.—At the close of the day, Dr. Vincent asked his little boy for what he felt most grateful that had occurred during that Sabbath, leading his thoughts by remarking, "It has been a beautiful day; your papa has been at home with you; you have been to meeting and to Sabbath-school; the minister preached a short sermon to little children. Now, for which of all these

things do you feel the most thankful, as you think of them?" "For the *short* sermon," said the bright little fellow, with doubtless a very impressive memory of the long ones to which he had rendered an enforced endurance.

AN APOLOGY FOR LAUGHING AT A BISHOP.—There goes a pleasant story of a German clown who, being at work in a field, saw his bishop pass by, attended by a train more becoming a peer than one who calls himself the successor or deputy of an apostle. Being highly scandalised at it, he could not forbear laughing, and laughed so loud that the reverend gentleman would know the reason of it. The clown answered in his natural way, that is, as a true and plain person: "I laugh when I think of St. Peter and St. Paul, and see you in such an equipage." "How is that?" said the bishop. "Do you ask how?" said the fellow; "they were ill-advised to walk alone on foot through the world, when they were the heads of the Christian Church, and lieutenants of Jesus Christ."

APOLOGISING FOR AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.—Dr. Kenealy and some others have recently demanded apologies for what has been said of them by honourable gentlemen. None of these apologies comes up to one offered at Darlington some years ago. At the close of the South Durham contest there was a dinner, and one of the speakers was called upon to apologise for words uttered in wine. "I beg pardon," said he; "I did not, if you'll believe me, mean to say what I did; but I've had the misfortune, you see, to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out, every now and then, without my knowing a word about it." He was going on when Surtees, the historian, who was sitting next to him, pulled him down by the coat-tail, saying—"Don't say one word more. Never was there a more perfect apology. If you add a word more you'll spoil it completely."

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